



POEMS  
BY  
THEOPHILUS H. HILL

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# POEMS.

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BY

THEOPHILUS H. HILL.

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To

REV. CHARLES F. DEEMS, D. D.,

PASTOR OF "THE CHURCH OF THE STRANGERS," NEW YORK,

AS A TOKEN OF SINCERE REGARD,

**These Poems**

ARE INSCRIBED BY

*THE AUTHOR.*



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## POEMS.



### NARCISSUS.

“Pining with sorrow, Nica faded, died,  
Like a fair aloe, in its morning pride.”

CHATTERTON.

“The tale  
Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo’s bale.”

KEATS.

PINING for the beauty he  
In himself alone could see,  
Wan Narcissus, day by day  
Wasted wofully away :  
Love-lorn Echo, all in vain,  
Sought the self-enamored swain, —  
Calling on his name again,  
And again, until the woods,  
In their wildest solitudes —  
Grown familiar with the strain —

Syllabled the sad refrain :  
“ O Narcissus ! where art thou ?  
Dost, in frolic, hide thee now ?  
Ah ! tis cruel thus to stay  
From thine Echo *all* the day :  
Ere the dreamy twilight shades  
Purple all the dewy glades,  
Truant, show thy radiant face !  
Hie thee to our trysting-place ! ”

Sadly sang the sorrow-laden,  
Weary, wistful, wandering maiden ;  
Swiftly sped the sparkling river, —  
    Sped the silvery Cephissus, —  
Like an arrow from the quiver  
    Of the beautiful Narcissus,  
Heedless of the tears he shed  
At its far-off fountain-head.

Bending, till his golden tresses  
Floated with the water-cresses,

He, athirst, had paused to drink  
From the fountain's pebbly brink ;  
He but loitered there to lave,  
In the pure pellucid wave,  
Forehead fairer than the sun  
E'er before had shone upon.

Hapless child of Air and Tellus !  
Thou that madest Juno jealous !  
Seek no further to discover  
Footprints of thy faithless lover !  
In the blue, inverted skies,  
Star-like splendors greet his eyes ;  
Echo's eye no more may please, —  
In himself, himself he sees :  
When the beauteous phantom first  
On his ravished vision burst,  
He, mayhap, was not aware  
His own face was mirrored there :  
In the crystal depths, alas !  
He but saw, as in a glass, —

Lips disparted, cheeks aglow,  
Flushed, for all the world, as though  
Roses were about to blow,  
Which had budded in the snow.

Ah! Narcissus, the transfusion —  
Replication — involution  
Of those false and real glances  
Self-idolatry enhances :  
Even should a chance beholder,  
Peeping, unseen, o'er thy shoulder,  
Now essay the *true* to sunder  
From their *simulacra* under  
Water, flushing into wine  
With each rosy blush of thine,  
He would die in the endeavor,  
An idolater forever !

From the mockery thou viewest, —  
From the fantasy thou woest, —  
Soft responsive smiles ascending,

With thine own too brightly blending,  
Weave a web of subtler tissue  
Than Arachne's loom may issue ;  
Spell whence there is no awaking ;  
Chain there is no hope of breaking ;  
Strong as those that bind the gory  
Martyr of the mythic story  
To the beetling, bleak Caucasian  
Crag of an immortal passion !

Who may fittingly express  
Such unreal loveliness ?  
Who with truthful touch may trace  
Pictures, vocal of the grace  
Which informs the phantom there ?  
Sylvan gods may never chase  
Nymph or naiad with a face  
So ethereally fair ;  
Never woo to their embraces —  
Three in one — the sister Graces !

Fantasy forever flies  
One who fain would realize,  
Undissevered from the real,  
An indefinite ideal:  
Who may indicate the ending,  
Or beginning of the blending,  
Seven, several hues that shimmer  
In a rainbow growing dimmer?  
Who unravel opalescence  
In its very evanescence?  
Who dispart the tints that glimmer  
In the faint illusion kindled  
Ere a real splendor dwindled?  
Trace upon a sunlit bubble  
First an iris — then its double?  
Still more futile his essay,  
Who would vividly portray  
Scarce perceptible decline,  
Where the substance and the shade,  
Interfused — *together fade!*  
Metaphor may not define

Stealth of gradual decay —  
Toying with its tortured prey —  
Growth of shade, decrease of shine,  
Narcissus, in those eyes of thine!  
Alas! that one so young — so fair —  
So radiant in his golden hair,  
Dies in self-love, of self-despair!

Of Echo, in the reedy lake,  
In the tangled hazel brake,  
In the green hearts of the dells,  
In the hollow ocean shells,  
Only now an echo dwells;  
And where young Narcissus died,  
Bending o'er the glassy tide,  
Blooms a solitary flower:  
Beauty is its natal dower;  
Fair and fragile is its bloom,  
Faint and fleeting its perfume;  
And it ever leans to look  
At its shadow in the brook.

. . . . .

Shouldst thou, like Narcissus, guess  
Half of thine own loveliness ;  
Though his fate were surely thine,  
Echo's never would be mine !  
Shouldst thou half thy charms discover,  
Maiden, peerless as thou art,  
Hope would droop within thy lover, —  
Die upon his loyal heart ;  
Love, though mine, with hope would  
perish ;  
I, with life itself would part,  
Sooner than survive to cherish  
Thee, as other than thou art !  
Knowing all thou wert before,  
Self thou learnedst to adore ;  
Seeing what thou then wouldst be,  
I no more could bend the knee :  
Love, *though mine*, would not retain  
Fond regret for one so vain,  
Longer than the fountain kept  
On its bosom ripples made

By the tears Narcissus wept,  
    When, by self to self betrayed,  
In the sparkling depths below,  
He beheld the rosy glow  
Waning on his cheeks of snow;  
While from out his haggard eyes  
    All the light that in them lay,  
Like the tints of twilight skies,  
    Faded mournfully away!

THE STAR ABOVE THE MANGER.

ONE night while lowly shepherd swains  
Their fleecy charge attended,  
A light burst o'er Judea's plains  
Unutterably splendid.

Far in the dusky Orient,  
A star, unknown in story,  
Arose to flood the firmament,  
With more than morning glory.

The clustering constellations, erst  
So gloriously gleaming,  
Waned, when its sudden splendor burst  
Upon their paler beaming:

And Heaven drew nearer Earth that  
night, —  
Flung wide its pearly portals, —

Sent forth from all its realms of light  
Its radiant immortals :

They hovered in the golden air,  
Their golden censers swinging,  
And woke the drowsy shepherds there  
With their seraphic singing.

Yet Earth, on this, her gala night,  
No jubilee was keeping ;  
She lay, unconscious of the light,  
In silent beauty sleeping.

No more shall brightest cherubim  
And stateliest archangels  
Symphonious sing *such* choral hymn, —  
Proclaim *so* sweet evangels :

No more appear that star at eve,  
Though glimpses of its glory

Are seen by those who still believe  
The shepherds' simple story.

In Faith's clear firmament afar, —  
To Unbelief a stranger, —  
Forever glows the golden star  
That stood above the manger.

Age after age may roll away,  
But on Time's rapid river  
The light of its celestial ray  
Shall never cease to quiver.

Frail barges on the swelling tide  
Are drifting with the ages;  
The skies grow dark — around each bark  
A howling tempest rages!

Pale with affright, lost helmsmen steer,  
While creaking timbers shiver;

The breakers roar — grim Death is near —  
O who may now deliver!

Light — light from the Heraldic Star  
Breaks brightly o'er the billow;  
The storm, rebuked, is fled afar,  
The pilgrim seeks his pillow.

Lost — lost indeed his heart must be, —  
His way *how* dark with danger, —  
Whose hooded eye may never see  
THE STAR ABOVE THE MANGER!

A GANGESE DREAM.

FREIGHTED with fruits, aflush with  
flowers, —

Oblations to offended powers, —  
What fairy like flotillas gleam  
At night on Brahma's<sup>1</sup> sacred stream ;  
The while, ashore, on bended knees,  
Benighted Hindoo devotees  
Sue for their silvery, silken sails  
The advent of auspicious gales.

Such gorgeous pageant I have seen  
Drift down the Ganges, while I stood  
Within the banian's bosky screen,  
And gazed on his transfigured flood :

<sup>1</sup> "The Hindoos believe that the Ganges rises immediately from the feet of Brahma."

Around each consecrated bark,  
That sailed into the outer dark,  
What lambent lights those lanterns gave!

What opalescent mazes played,  
Reduplicated on the wave,

While to and fro, like censers swayed,  
They made it luminous to glass

Their fleeting splendors ere they pass!

O'er each, as shimmering it swung,

A haze of crimson halo hung,

Begirt by folds of billowy mist,

Suffused with purpling amethyst:

From these, still fainter halos flung,

Lent each to some refracted zone

Hues of a lustre not its own,

Till satellite of satellite,

Eluding my bewildered sight,

In gloomier eddies of the stream,

Retained no more a borrowed beam.

Thus, one by one, their sparkling sails

Distended by Sabean gales,

I saw those votive vessels glide,  
Resplendent o'er the swelling tide,  
While each, with its attendant shade,  
Or dusk, or radiant ripples made :  
*These* flashing into fiery bloom ;  
*Those* smouldering into garnet-gloom !

All this I saw, or else, at night,  
Pursuing Fancy in her flight,  
I paused beneath what seemed to be  
The umbrage of a banian-tree,  
And down the Ganges of a dream  
Beheld that gay flotilla gleam.

It seems to me but yesterday,  
Since off the beach of PROMISE lay  
The brilliant barges HOPE had wrought,  
And young DESIRE had richly fraught,  
(Alas ! how soon such tissues fade !)  
With fragile stuffs whence dreams are made !  
Proud owner of that fleet I stood,

Gazing on the transfigured flood,  
And saw its constellated sails  
Expanded by propitious gales,  
Till shallop after shallop flew —  
As fresher yet the breezes blew —  
In joyous quest of full fruition,  
To swift and terrible perdition !

Some in life's vernal equinox  
O'er desperate seas to wreck were driven ;  
And others struck on sunken rocks,  
Or, in the night, by lightning riven,  
Burned to the water's edge ; while they  
That, not unscathed, but still unshattered,  
Survived the storm, were widely scattered :  
*One* only kept its destined way,  
To sink — no friendly consort near —  
In sight of port, at close of day,  
When seas were calm, and skies were  
clear !

## LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

“In deepest grass beneath the whispering roof  
Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran  
A brooklet scarce espied.”

KEATS' *Ode to Psyche.*

I HAVE found him! Here he lies,  
Weary of the chase;  
Lured by vagrant butterflies  
To this shady place:  
Hat in hand, he ran for hours  
In and out among the flowers,  
Following each golden prize  
With wingéd feet and wistful eyes.

He dreams beneath a drooping vine,  
Whose graceful trailers intertwine,  
Weaving above his head a woof  
Of dark green leaves and crimson flowers:  
In vain through this umbrageous roof

May noontide sunbeams try to peep ;  
*Here*, time is told in twilight hours,  
While " infant beauty " lies — asleep.  
Gay birds and gorgeous butterflies  
Flash through these " purpling glooms,"  
Where zephyrs woo, with plaintive sighs,  
The hearts of hidden blooms ;  
Yet heedless of their happy flight,  
He slumbers still, serenely bright —  
Transfigured in the shifting light !

The tinkling bells of sylvan streams,  
Which wind around this cool retreat,  
Chime to the music of his dreams ;  
For, sheltered from the glowing heat,  
Their laughing, sparkling waters meet  
To ripple at his rosy feet !

Yes ! I've found him !

All around him

Blushing flowers bud and bloom ;

Merrily the birds are singing,  
Drowsily the bees are clinging  
    (Drunken with perfume)  
To the lilies and the roses  
'Round the spot where LOVE reposes!

SPRING.

THE air is balm, for earth is all abloom :  
The genial skies benignly bent above  
me,

As yet unsullied by a tinge of gloom,  
Seem, as in earlier, better days, to love me.

The rugged hills wear emerald carcanets ;  
The woodland-wilds are starred with  
bright oases,  
Where daisies blow, and virgin violets,  
Within the leaves, half-hide their con-  
scious faces.

The vagrant breeze, now winnowing my  
hair,  
Sways, to and fro, the tender meadow  
grasses, —

Green in the shade, but growing golden  
where  
The sunbeam brightens when the zephyr  
passes.

Nature, to-day, would woo to her embrace  
The scanty mite of good that lingers in  
me,  
And, by the witching beauty of her face,  
From wonted gloom to grateful sunshine  
win me.

I gaze and gladden, though oppressed by  
fear  
Lest cares, now banished, should too soon  
surround me;  
Put out the light my heart would garner  
here,  
And weld again the chains wherewith  
they bound me.

My plaintive harp, whose chords of sombre  
tone

Awake responsive to the touch of sad-  
ness, —

Attuned to dirge-like threnody alone,  
And mute, alas! to madrigals of gladness,

In vain essays, in soft idyllic strains,  
To sing of laughing Spring a rhythmic  
story,

To tell how she has visited our plains,  
And clad them in a garniture of glory :

How every spot of earth, her fairy feet  
Have kissed, with lissome step, is greenly  
glowing,

Or how her smiles have thawed the wintry  
sleet,

And set the ice-bound fountains freely  
flowing.

I hear the brooks, that babble as they go, —  
Prattling to flowers that blossom on their  
borders, —

Tell how she quelled her immemorial foe, —  
Wiled from her realm his insolent ma-  
rauders.

But I may not translate, with tuneless  
tongue,

The vernal music all around me ringing;  
For birds sing now, as birds in Eden sung:  
Enough for me, to listen to the singing!

## HESPER.

“What time the stars first flocked into the blue  
Behind young Hesper, Shepherd of the eve.”

THOS. BUCHANAN READ.

THE brilliant Evening Star to-night  
Gleams through the dusky air ;  
As though some seraph in his flight,  
Through the unclouded realms of light,  
Had paused an instant there ; —  
Had paused and silently surveyed  
The dreaming world below ;  
Then flown away to Eden's shade  
Where “living waters” flow.  
Methinks some bright unearthly gem  
Fell from his flashing diadem,  
For when he winged his flight afar,  
Through the enchanted air,  
A light remained, — THE EVENING STAR  
Shone forth serenely there !

Tis thus the great — the good depart,  
And leave a beacon light,  
To cheer the pilgrim's drooping heart  
And guide his feet aright:

Hence we revere the sage — the seer  
Of every age and clime;  
Whose priceless gems still sparkle here  
Upon the strand of time.

PERDITE.

FAREWELL forever to the dreams,  
(Alluring dreams!) whose fitful light  
Revealed a land where sorrow's night  
Can never veil the golden beams  
Of life, and hope, and love!

FAREWELL TO HEAVEN! Why linger now  
In wild regret before THE CROSS?  
Tis powerless: ETERNAL LOSS  
Corrodes my heart, — seals on my brow  
The blackness of despair.

What care I now how long the fire  
Of life within my bosom burns,  
Since MERCY now no more returns;  
But lets each lingering hope expire,  
And veils her lovely face?

Ah! what to me is wealth or fame?

A sunbeam shimmering on a pall;  
From some high pinnacle to fall;  
To leave on earth an envied name,  
And then — to pass away.

Farewell! farewell! I may not stay

Where HOPE'S last "rare and radiant"  
flower

To ashes fell: — in that sad hour,  
The golden sunlight fled away  
And left ETERNAL SHADE!

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

“The shadow of a Great Rock in a weary land.”

ISAIAH xxxii. 2.

L OST in Sahara's trackless wilds, in vain  
Wouldst thou shake off the darkness  
of despair ;

Thou reelest blindly in the noontide glare,  
Athirst and weary o'er the burning plain :  
Long hast thou trod beneath thy bleeding  
feet

The glowing sands, a fearful death to die,  
While sparkling fountains burst upon  
thine eye,

And grouping palm-trees spread a shelter  
from the heat :

Far, far away, beside a gloomy hearth,  
Where feebly now the fading embers  
burn,

Thy hoary sire, and she who gave thee birth,

Heart-broken wait to welcome thy return :  
God shield thee ! hapless straggler from the  
flock,  
And hide thee now within *THE SHADOW OF*  
*THE ROCK !*

WILLIE.

Born January 16th, 1863 ; died June 24th, 1865.

“God’s finger touched him, and he slept.”

IN MEMORIAM.

THE things he used to play with  
Lie in the corner there ;  
And yonder hangs the worsted cap  
That he was wont to wear ;  
Beneath his dimpled chin I see  
Its crimson tassels tied,  
And clasp once more with fond caress  
Our “little boy that died.”

I hear the restless rosy feet  
That patter on the stair,  
And now he runs to Mamma’s seat  
To nestle fondly there :  
He climbs upon my knee again,

Or, on my foot astride,  
I toss the darling of my heart  
Who clamors for a ride.

The labor of the day is done :  
Home to a glowing hearth  
I hasten, ere the set of sun,  
The happiest man on earth ;  
A mother, standing at the door,  
Looks out, adown the street,  
Elate with joy, as runs her boy —  
His father *first* to greet.

Ah, then right merrily we romp !  
And noisy is our glee,  
For each, to please the household pet,  
Must horse or driver be ;  
He brings " his blocks," and begs Papa  
" A church " for him to rear,  
But knocks the fabric down before  
The steeple can appear.

His marbles next, and then his ball,  
Till, weary of our play,  
He sups on mother's lap, and folds  
His little hands to pray:  
And "Now I lay me down to sleep"  
That immemorial prayer —  
In faltering phrases soft and sweet,  
Makes musical the air.

He sleeps: the fire is burning low,  
And shadows on the wall,  
Like those he wondered at and feared,  
Grotesquely rise and fall:  
Night — rayless night — o'erwhelms my  
soul,  
And yet, in my despair,  
I sometimes almost smile to think  
There is no shadow *there!*

Tis Summer-time again, and I  
Sit mournfully for hours,

And watch the painted butterflies  
That woo his favorite flowers ;  
They hover unmolested here,  
Yet, dreaming of the chase,  
I see the hunter's flashing eyes, —  
His flushed and eager face !

How oft I've seen the jocund boy  
Return from garden play,  
His Summer-hat of plaited straw  
With larkspur blossoms gay !  
The hand that decked it thus need not  
Renew the garland now,  
For seraphim and cherubim  
Twine amaranth for his brow !

Strange silence broods o'er all the house  
From dawn to close of day ;  
The little drummer beats no more  
Tattoo or Reveillé ;

His feathered cap and plaided cloak,  
And broken drum remain, —  
But he who wore them once may ne'er  
Come back to us again.

It almost breaks my heart to see  
The dog he daily fed,  
Crouch at my feet and mutely ask  
The living for the dead ;  
I cannot harshly drive him out,  
Though keener grief than mine  
Bursts forth afresh each time *she* hears  
His wistful — piteous whine.

“ But wouldst thou call him back to  
earth, —  
Have him again to wear  
The crimson-tasseled worsted cap  
Upon his golden hair ?  
Wouldst have *thine angel* lay aside  
His diadem of light —

Change crown for cross, and blindly grope  
*Beside thee*, through the night? ”

“ Ask me no more,”<sup>1</sup> for flesh is weak :

Our idol was a part

Of every earth-born hope that blessed

Mine and his mother’s heart !

“ Ask me no more : ” help us, O God,

This bitter loss to bear —

To kiss THY chastening rod, and live

To find “ our treasure,” *there* !

<sup>1</sup> “ Ask me no more, lest I should bid *him* live :

Ask me no more.”

*The Princess.*

WOODED, WON, FORSAKEN.

FROM "VIOLA," AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

"And where the Spring-time sun had longest shone,  
The violet looked up and found itself alone."

THOS. BUCHANAN READ.

THOU art languishing and pining,  
Blue-eyed one !

Thou art drooping and declining,  
And thou faintest for the shining  
Of the sun ;

For the sunbeam came to sue thee, —  
To worship thee and woo thee,  
But to ruin and undo thee

Lovely Bloom !

He smiled but to deceive thee, —  
To blight thee and bereave thee  
Of perfume, —

Then heartlessly to leave thee  
To thy doom !

Thou hopest in thy sorrow,  
He will come again to-morrow,  
Nor depart  
(His long delay forgiven)  
To his bright abode in heaven,  
Until his smile has driven  
From thy heart  
The weight which now oppresses,  
And the grief which now distresses ;  
While he murmurs, as he blesses  
Thee with ravishing caresses,  
“ How beautiful thou art ! ”  
But alas ! thy hopes are failing,  
And thy tears are unavailing,  
For wintry winds are wailing  
As they fly ;  
Thou shalt sleep without awaking —  
Thy heart no longer aching —  
When morning beams are breaking  
On the sky !

THE SUNBEAM.

THING of beauty! brightly beaming,  
Softly through my lattice streaming,  
To my spirit thou dost seem  
Like "a sweet thought in a dream:"  
Linger yet a little while;  
Still my loneliness beguile!

Brilliant sunbeam! thou dost bring  
On thy gleaming golden wing,  
Life and gladness, light and love,  
From the firmament above;  
Thou dost change the morning mist  
Into sparkling amethyst!

Messenger from realms of light!  
Thou art beautiful and bright:

How resplendent then is He,  
Sunbeam, who created thee, —  
Called thee from chaotic night, —  
Bade thee sparkle in His sight?

Shining harbinger of Spring!  
Earth, for thee, is blossoming;  
At the earliest "peep of dawn,"  
In the woodland, on the lawn,  
Songs of welcome may be heard, —  
Matins of the mocking-bird.

Welcome! bright, celestial ray!  
Where thou dwellest it is day;  
When thou wanderest afar,  
When I hail the evening star,  
Then, sweet Sunbeam, I shall see  
But a burning type of thee!

REVEILLÉ.

A WAKE! Arise! No longer be  
A laggard in the race!

O thou who wouldst thy fellow free,  
Burst first the chains which shackle thee —  
Insignia of disgrace!

Arise, and muster all thy might!  
Stand foremost in the van!  
He who unfurls the flag of RIGHT  
Must march *a hero* in the fight —  
Must be himself *a man*!

To Arms! Let sluggards idly stand —  
Let cravens skulk and cower!  
Tis thine to wield a battle-brand,

Whose touch will nerve thy failing hand  
With supra-mortal power!

In vain may stalwart foes assail  
The champion of RIGHT;  
For, panoplied in triple mail,  
The true of heart can never fail —  
Are never put to flight!

PIT AND PENDULUM.

THE poets say there is a golden chain  
Binding our planet to the THRONE OF  
GOD,

Whose burnished links unbroken yet  
remain,

Though earth — no more by shining  
seraphs trod —

Is swinging madly o'er a dread abyss :  
Should some malignant spirit sunder this, —  
Should this frail chord of sympathy be riven,  
And our lost world, by gravitation driven,  
Plunge through the outer dark, impenitent,  
unshriven, —

Who could in one wild syllable portray  
The speechless horror of that direful day,

When light first wings its everlasting flight,  
And the lost plummet sounds the ghastly  
gloom of night?

A soul whose prayers, like incense from the  
sod

When flowers awaken with the dawn of  
Spring,

Arose in child-like earnestness to God, —

Whose covert was the shadow of His  
wing;

Who bore the cross, — caught glimpses of  
the crown,

But growing weary, laid his burden down;

Who clung in safety to a golden chain,

Endued with strength the feeblest to sustain,

While they in God an humble trust retain;

But who, alas! in an unguarded hour,

Insanely yielding to the tempter's power,

Bade hope for all futurity farewell,

And fell to fathom an apostate's hell, —

Who — who but he may, in one word, por-  
tray

The tongueless terror of that awful day,  
When light first wings its everlasting flight,  
And the lost plummet sounds the sullen  
gloom of night?

## ANACREONTIC.

“I awoke the next morning with an aching head and feverish frame. Ah, those midnight carousals, how glorious they would be if there were NO next morning!”

PELHAM.

“An angel would be all the better for a good night’s carouse in honest Moritz’s wine-cellar; even to the ruffling of some of his feathers. What a sorry appearance though would the dreadful next morning bring!”

KIMBALL’S *St. Leger*.

FILL up! fill up!  
The poison-cup  
With Lethe to the brim;  
I yearn — I pine — I faint — I thirst  
To see the brilliant bubbles burst  
Around its rosy rim:  
Then let me drain  
The bowl again,  
And fill it up once more;  
For fearful phantoms haunt my brain,  
And at the open door

A ghastly group of fiends appear —  
Their hollow laughter racks my ear ;  
See ! how malignantly they leer

    Upon the wreck they 've made :  
They little care that honor, wealth,  
And home, and happiness, and health  
    Are blighted and betrayed !

    Fill up ! fill up !  
    The sparkling cup ;  
It *is* with Lethe fraught !  
It drowns reflection, palsies thought,  
    Binds Memory in chains,  
And bids the hot blood leap and dart,  
Like molten lava from my heart  
    To fire the sluggish veins !<sup>1</sup>

Fill to the brim and I will drink,  
    “ To Memory and Thought,  
ETERNAL DEATH.” — For O, *to think*

<sup>1</sup> “ These were days when my heart was volcanic.” — Poe's *Ulalume*.

Is with such horror fraught —  
That hell would be  
A heaven to me  
Were Memory no more !  
Aye ! could I never think again, —  
Never the past deplore, —  
I should no longer here remain ;  
For hell can have no penal pain,  
In all its fiery domain,  
So fearful unto me,  
As the scorpion-sting  
Of that terrible thing  
Which we call Memory !  
. . . . .  
To dream of all that I am now, —  
Of all I might have been ;  
The crown of thorns upon my brow, —  
The gnawing worm within ;  
Of all the treasures I have lost,  
Like leaves autumnal, tempest-tost, —  
Of sunbeams into clouds withdrawn,

Their momentary sparkle gone, —  
Of murdered hope, and blighted bloom —  
O God! how horrible my doom!

Yet fill, fill up!  
The crimson cup  
With frenzy to the brim!  
I wildly burn — I madly thirst  
To see the blushing bubbles burst  
Around its ruby rim!

“DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS.”

“Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.”

ST. MATT. vi. 34.

EARTH is not an El Dorado,  
Nor is life a Summer-day;  
Every sunbeam hath a shadow  
Chasing it away, —  
Frail ephemera that perish, —  
Doomed to disappear;  
Those we love, caress, and cherish,  
May not linger *here*:  
Pain and pleasure, joy and sorrow,  
Here, alternate, come and go:  
Which of these we'll have to-morrow,  
Who may ever know?

Gather flowers — blushing flowers —  
Which, *at present*, blow;

Leave the buds, they are not ours, —

*They* for *others* grow.

If it now be pleasant weather,

Let us merry be ;

Let us laugh and sing together,

Nor repress our glee

By vain speculations whether,

In the future, we

Shall be gloomier or gladder ;

Be *that* as it may,

Such reflections overshadow

Beautiful " To-Day ! "

Fretting — murmuring — repining

Darkens every sorrow,

With unconscious fingers twining

Cypress for the morrow :

Then remember, Love — remember

In thy darkest day,

That the drearier December,

Brighter is the May !

Earth is not an El Dorado,  
Nor is life a Summer day;  
Every sunbeam hath a shadow  
Chasing it away!

DULCAMARA.

OF T when the sunlight's golden gleam  
Has died upon our sorrow,  
We sink in sleep, — perchance to dream  
Of happiness to-morrow.

We fain would banish thoughts of ill,  
Or smile at their intrusion ;  
And oft deluded, fondly still  
Cling to each sweet illusion.

Dawn brings no day, and Spring no bloom,  
Earth seems a sad Sahara ;  
Till Hope returning gilds the gloom  
And leads to — wells of Marah !

Yet is it not far better thus  
To yield to her beguiling ?

How dark were all the world to us  
Did we distrust her smiling!

What though our castles, reared in air,  
Begin so soon to crumble?  
Hope is a refuge from despair  
When all their turrets tumble!

Then blest are dreamers to the last,  
Who dream not they are dreaming;  
*Their* skies no cloud may overcast —  
To *them*, all *is* that's seeming!

But woe to those who wake to weep  
The visions they have cherished,  
And may not find again in sleep  
The phantoms which have perished!

*One* such I know, within whose heart  
Hope has no more a dwelling, —  
From whose dark dreams no whispers start  
Of peace and joy foretelling!

INDIAN SUMMER.

(A FRAGMENT.)

THESE are mild delicious days ;  
Gleaming through the golden haze,  
Which around the landscape plays,  
Every object now assumes  
Mellow lights, or dreamy glooms :  
Things once distant now are near ;  
Fainter seem the sounds we hear ;  
Feebler now is Zephyr's sigh,  
And yet lower the reply  
Of the rills that murmur by.

. . . . .

High upon his airy throne  
(Girdled with a misty zone)  
Rides the pallid sun at noon,  
Seeming but a brighter moon ;  
Lazily his tempered rays  
Measure these enchanting days.

. . . . .

## THE SABBATH OF THE SPRING.

“The flowers appear on the earth ; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.”

THE SONG OF SONGS ii. 12.

**A** GLORIOUS change is come to pass :  
An April sky is overhead ;

Like emerald glows the growing grass,  
And flowers are rising from the dead :

Renewed — rejuvenated trees  
Resume their leafy liveries,  
And, bursting from their icy prison,  
The golden buttercups are risen !

Aroused from their hibernal sleep,  
The jacinth and the crocus leap  
Into the lap of Spring, and bare  
Their scented bosoms to the air :  
With downcast eye and mien demure,  
The pensive snow-drop, pale and pure,

Seems listening to an ardent wooer ;  
Later from Winter's realm to sally,  
The loitering lily of the valley  
Begins to bud ; and sweeter yet,  
The darling, blue-eyed violet,  
Who — cloistered in the twilight shade  
Which her luxuriant leaves have made —  
By her own breathing is betrayed.

Above me now the honeyed cells  
Of purple Persian lilac bells  
Pulse perfumes on the wandering breeze ;  
    And lured by these,  
    The golden bees  
Are come, with hummings of the hive,  
Till every cluster is alive —  
Till all their bells together chime  
With murmurs drowsier than my rhyme, —  
    More softly somnolent than those  
That wooed from Hybla's beds of thyme  
And clover-gardens in their prime

The weary to repose.  
At noon — as tipsy as the bees —  
The languid zephyrs lie  
Around these nectared chalices,  
Unwitting how to fly ;  
For O ! the luscious lilac flowers,  
While giving sigh for sigh,  
Breathe opiate balm that overpowers  
The triflers till they die !

Blush-tinted petals of the new  
Peach-blossoms lend a rosy hue  
To fields that widen on the view,  
To where — withdrawn into a mist  
Of crimson haze and amethyst —  
The sky puts off its living blue.

The wingéd choristers of air  
Are making music everywhere ;  
Ere dawn emerges from the dark  
Are heard the matins of the lark ;

The thrush sings in the hazel brake ;  
The mocking-bird is wide awake ;  
The blithe hedge-sparrow chirrup by ;  
The swallows twitter in the sky ;  
And faintly — far adown the glen —  
Is cheeping now the russet wren, —  
    Birds, bees, and flowers,  
    Sunshine and showers,  
To grace and gladden hill and plain,  
Bring SABBATH to the world again !

HOPE OF HEAVEN.

“O where shall rest be found, —  
Rest for the weary soul?”

MONTGOMERY.

O THERE is naught upon this earth of  
ours

The restless longings of the soul to fill:  
We pant for fairer fields and fresher flowers,  
For purer fountains still.

Our drooping souls, like captive eagles, pine  
To breathe, once more, their native at-  
mosphere, —

To soar above the cloud, where sunbeams  
shine  
And shadows disappear.

For what are all the rosy, dazzling dreams,  
The glowing hopes and fleeting joys of  
earth, —

Its fading smiles, its evanescent gleams  
Of happiness and mirth?

Faint, glimmering moonbeams falling on a  
pall,  
Or lighting up the pathway to the tomb;  
Wild flowers that blossom on a ruined wall;  
Oases in the gloom!

*These* are the joys of earth; but tell me  
where  
Are its wild sorrows, its harassing fears?  
Where are the clouds — the shades of dark  
despair,  
That haunt “this vale of tears?”

O, *where* shall rest be found? — a stormy tide  
Is rushing madly onward to the sea,  
Immortal spirits down the current glide  
Into Eternity.

Thrice happy he, to whom the change of  
time

And tide may leave one solitary rock, —  
AN ARARAT, eternal and sublime,  
Unshaken by the shock ;

A HOPE OF HEAVEN, whose summit in the  
skies

(The only refuge of a ruined race)  
Smiles through the storm — the swelling  
surge defies,  
And stands — *a resting-place !*

## LOVE.

“ Love is a lamp unseen  
Burning to waste, or, if its light is found,  
Nursed for an idle hour, then idly broken.”

N. P. WILLIS: *Parrhasius*.

NOT so! Not so! LOVE's lamp is not  
unseen ;

It never burns to waste, is never quenched :  
*His* is a vestal lamp, whose virgin flame  
Illumes the dark with pure and steady glow ;  
And should its feeblest scintillation fall,  
It would not lie *unheeded* where it fell, —  
It might not perish there, or elsewhere ;  
For LOVE, coeval with the THRONE OF GOD,  
Is coexistent with ETERNAL LIFE !

LOVE moves on earth — a page in BEAUTY's  
train ;  
He follows her, — a rapt idolater, —

Gloats on her glances, feeds upon her  
smiles,

Lights, *with his lamp*, her pathway through  
the dark,

And keeps a lonely vigil while she sleeps ;  
He only knows her worth, and spies in her  
A thousand graces others may not see :

BEAUTY would *live for him* — HE *die for*  
*her* ;

They cannot breathe apart ; they came  
from Heaven,

Heirs of immortal life ; and when at length  
She vanishes from earth, he flies with her.

They seek *together* undiscovered lands ;

They float, like Summer-birds, on halcyon  
plumes,

To blend the myrtle with the orange-  
flower,—

To build, in brighter climes, their bridal  
bower !

JOY.

“The laughing Hours before her feet  
Are scattering spring-time roses.”

PAUL H. HAYNE.

WITH light upon her rosy lip  
And laughter in her eye,  
Whence came the maiden? Did she slip,  
With sunbeams, from the sky, —  
Steal from the gate of Paradise,  
When no one else was by?  
How merrily she seems to skip!  
What mirthful songs arise,  
As, bounding like an antelope,  
Who (full of fear, as she of hope)  
The baffled hunter flies,  
She leaveth me, alone, to mope —  
A melancholy misanthrope!

SONG OF THE BUTTERFLY.

“What more felicity can fall to creature  
Than to enjoy delight with liberty.”

SPENSER : *Fate of the Butterfly.*

I.

WHO is merrier than I? ”  
Quoth the golden Butterfly ;  
“ In the shining court of May  
Whose apparel half so gay ?  
I reflect each sparkling hue  
Of her radiant retinue ;  
I have kissed the Lily’s cheek ;  
I have played at ‘ hide and seek ,’  
Veiléd Violet, with you !  
Who is merrier than I ? ”  
Quoth the golden Butterfly .

II.

“ I have flirted too, with thee,  
Tremulous Anemone !

And the blue-eyed Pimpernel  
Is superlatively blest,  
Should I for a moment rest  
Down in yonder grassy dell :  
Little doth she dream that I  
From her soft caresses fly,  
But to breathe the rare perfume  
Of the pale Magnolia bloom ;  
Or to spend a listless hour  
In the cool, secluded bower  
Of the pining Passion-flower !  
Blither wooer, who than I ? ”  
Quoth the gallant Butterfly.

## III.

“ When the shades of evening fall,  
Like the foldings of a pall ;  
When the dew is on the flowers,  
And the mute, unconscious Hours  
Still pursue their noiseless flight  
Through the dreamy realms of night ;

In the shut or open Rose  
Ah, how sweetly I repose!  
Zephyrs, languid with perfume,  
Gently rock my cradle-bloom;  
Myriads of fire-flies  
From the dewy leaves arise,  
And Diana's starry train,  
Sweetly scintillant again,  
Never sleep while I repose  
On the petals of the Rose!  
Who hath sweeter couch than I?"  
Quoth the brilliant Butterfly.

## IV.

"Life is but a Summer day,  
Gliding goldenly away;  
Winter comes, alas! too soon —  
Would it were forever June!  
Yet, though brief my flight may be,  
Fun and frolic still for me!  
When the Summer leaves and flowers —

Having had their holiday —  
In the chill, autumnal showers,  
Droop and fade, and pine away,  
Who would not prefer to die —  
What were life to *such as I?*”  
Quoth the flaunting Butterfly!

## THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

“But he answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast *it* to dogs.

“And she said, Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table.”—ST. MATT. xv. 26, 27.

TRUTH, Lord: it is not meet  
That Thou shouldst give me bread;  
Yet famished dogs where children eat,  
May on their crumbs be fed.

“I may not let Thee go  
While I have heart to pray;  
Nor wilt Thou hear me pleading so,  
And cast me quite away.

“They say that Thou canst save,  
And I for mercy call:  
No crumbs to *me* Thy children gave,  
But THOU art Lord of all.

“Vexed by my sore distress,  
‘Send her away!’ they cry;  
Yet through the murmuring throng I press,  
Low at Thy feet to lie!

“Rebuke has chilled my heart;  
But Lord, how dare I brook,  
If homeward, hopeless, I depart,  
My frenzied daughter’s look!

“A fire burns in her brain,  
And fiends torment her soul;  
All other help I’ve sought in vain:  
Lord, make my daughter whole!”

Prone on the earth she lay,  
Clutching the Master’s gown,  
And turned her tortured face away,  
Fearing a darker frown!

Then all grew still as death;  
They who had gathered there,

Like her, await with bated breath  
The answer to the prayer.

A face divinely sweet —  
THE HUMAN FACE DIVINE —  
Beams o'er the suppliant at His feet  
A radiance benign.

A voice — a tender voice,  
Replete with tearful grace —  
Bids the poor sufferer's heart rejoice  
Ere she beholds His face!

In loving accents He  
The woman's faith commends:  
"Even as thou wilt, so let it be," —  
The benediction ends.

Abashed His followers stood,  
Then reverently made way  
For her of alien speech and blood  
They had despised that day.

And rugged hands were brushed  
O'er eyes that seldom wept,  
As home that joyful mother rushed —  
Where, lo! her daughter slept!<sup>1</sup>

How should this story cheer  
Sinner, no less than Saint,  
To call on Him while He is near —  
To pray and never faint.

To-day, as yesterday, the same,  
He heeds the mourner's cry;  
To seek — to save the lost HE came —  
Fly — to His bosom fly!

<sup>1</sup> St. Mark vii. 30.

ODE TO SLEEP.

I.

COME, gentle Sleep! and hither bring  
to me

The beetle's drone, the buzzing of the  
bee, —

All slumb'rous sounds which Silence loves  
to hear, —

Which steal like balm into the drowsy ear;  
Let Summer rain fall softly from the eaves,  
While fragrant zephyrs whisper through the  
leaves.

II.

To every care some sweet nepenthe bring —  
Benumb each sense — bid sorrow cease to  
sting;

From dreamless rest let *him* awake no more,  
Who only lives existence to deplore;

Haste! Siren, haste! low lullabies to sing,  
Until I die beneath the shadow of thy wing!

## III.

Haste, soothing Sleep! bring with thee  
noiseless Night,

For I would now no more behold the light,  
Since dawn of day comes only to betray  
Hope's brightest blossoms withering away,—  
Unveils before unsympathizing eyes,  
A heart whose woe no masking may dis-  
guise, —

Cimmerian gloom — Egyptian shadow, now,  
Chase the accurséd sunlight from my brow!

LIFE AND DEATH.

LIFE is the tossing here awhile  
On a tumultuous sea ;  
With now and then a sunlight smile,  
Or glimpse of an enchanted isle,  
Far in futurity.

Death is the closing of the day —  
The lulling of the wind —  
The twilight shades, in sad array,  
Bearing the setting sun away,  
And leaving night behind.

Life is the never-ending day,  
Beyond the set of sun ;  
The passing of each cloud away —  
One blooming, bright, eternal May,  
Where love and hope are one !

Aye! Death, like Night, bids Morning rise  
    Beyond the misty sea, —  
The sun to glow in brighter skies, —  
The soul to dwell in Paradise  
    Through all Eternity!

STELLA.

“ Ah ! Psyche, from the regions which  
Are Holy Land ! ”

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

STAR of my soul ! I saw thee rise  
In trembling beauty o'er a sea, —  
A silent sea, — *the past*, that lies  
Asleep in memory !

My spirit caught the hallowed beams  
That fell on the enchanted air ;  
Nor to Endymion, in his dreams,  
Were Dian's half so fair.

Around me hung a golden glow,  
That flushed the amaranthine flowers,  
Whose censers, swinging to and fro,  
Perfumed the midnight hours :

For HOPE, who long on wanton wing  
Coquetted coyly with DESIRE,  
*Then* deigned to robe the meanest thing  
In scintillant attire.

Cradled in my too happy heart,  
LOVE whispered in my rosy dream,  
That thou wouldst nevermore depart —  
Wouldst never cease to beam.

At anchor off the flowery strand,  
HOPE'S fragile bark — "THE VENTURE" —  
lay,  
And, lured by her, I sought a land  
Of PROMISE far away.

At first propitious breezes blew,  
And swiftly from the starlit shore  
Our yacht, a dancing feather, flew  
The bounding billows o'er.

But *now*, beneath an angry sky,  
O'er alien seas the wreck is driven ;  
Nor dare I look again on high,  
To miss my star from heaven !

Star of my soul ! My Morning Star !  
Fair almoner of living light !  
Thy brilliant beams are shed afar  
On other hearts to-night !

Thou heraldest a Sabbath morn,  
And shinest unto perfect day,  
While I am tossed at sea — forlorn  
Of thy benignant ray.

Arise and shine ! I pine for thee !  
Flash through the rifted clouds afar !  
Earth has no other light for me —  
*My sky*, no other star !

Beam — brightly beam! dispel my gloom!

Drive fear and shadow far away!

Bid hyacinthine hopes to bloom,

And Spring forever stay!

THE LIGHT OF THE LATTICE.

A FRAGMENT.

SHE little dreams that I to-night  
Peer out, through the mist and the rain,  
To catch one glimmering gleam of light  
From a far-off window-pane ;  
But the light that shines  
Through the Jasmine vines,  
Which around *her* casement creep,  
Dispels, with its beams,  
The sweetest of dreams,  
And awakens me out of my sleep !

. . . . .

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

**H**IDDEN no longer  
    In moss-covered ledges,  
Starring the wayside,  
    Under the hedges,  
Violet, Pimpernel,  
    Flashing with dew,  
Daisy and Asphodel  
    Blossom anew.

Down in the bosky dells  
    Everywhere,  
Faintly their fairy bells  
    Chime in the air.  
Thanks to the sunshine!  
    Thanks to the showers!  
They come again — come again —  
    Beautiful flowers!

Twittering sparrows flit  
Merrily by ;  
Skylarks triumphantly  
Warble on high :  
ECHO, who slumbers  
So long in the glen,  
Awakens to mimic  
The song of the wren :  
For, thanks to the sunbeams !  
Thanks to the showers !  
They bud again — bloom again —  
Beautiful flowers !

The mocking-bird, too —  
The sweetest of mimes —  
Is prodigal now  
Of his jubilant rhymes !  
And my heart is so light,  
So cheery to-day,  
I fancy I hear,  
In his rapturous lay,

The music I heard  
In those halcyon hours,  
When LOVE to my heart  
(Like SPRING to her bowers)  
First came to awaken  
HOPE's beautiful flowers!

SUNSET.

HOW splendidly those yet unpurpled  
clouds

Flush as they float into intenser floods  
Of sunset-glow! Pure fleece becomes pure  
gold —

Gold that, anon, porphyrogene appears:  
Tint into tint, or flashes now, or fades,  
Turkoi and topaz softly interfuse,  
And garnet, kindling, into ruby burns;  
Until yon Titan-group of thunder-crag,  
That gather gloom to intercept the light, —  
Colossal shapes, thrown into bold relief  
By the refulgence of the Occident, —  
As though convulsed by fierce intestine  
fires,  
Dissolve their solemn league: each beetling  
brow

A lurid lustre wears ; each shaggy breast  
Is seared and seamed with sanguinary scars ;  
And from a chasm, cleft in their bloody  
base,

That yawns into the semblance of a hell,  
In long, red, forkéd, wildly flickering tongues,  
Flames, as from Tophet, leap! . . .

DARKNESS.

AS when, with eager straining eyes,  
We gaze on gloomy twilight skies  
Until we falsely dream that we,  
For one brief instant, dimly see  
The smile of some capricious star  
Flash through the murky clouds afar ;  
So my bewildered heart to-night  
Gropes blindly, seeking hidden light :  
Its mournful introverted eye,  
Now fixed upon a darker sky,  
Would fain explore the mirksome maze,  
Dispel the twilight's misty haze,  
And call to its enraptured gaze,  
From out their petulant eclipse,  
The smiles that shone on Laura's lips.

MY HOPES LIKE WANING WATCH-FIRES  
GLOW.

I.

MY hopes like waning watch-fires glow,  
Whose lurid flames, though burning  
low,

Still flicker wildly to and fro:  
They brightly gleam, again retire;  
Revive and sparkle to expire,  
Yet, loth forever to depart,  
Back to the ghastly embers start,  
And die to leave eternal shade  
Where erst their fitful flashes played.

II.

My hopes are like the hopes that fail  
The seaman shipwrecked in the gale, —  
*Unheeded by the passing sail:*

As fades the sunlight from the clouds,  
 The smiles that hailed her snowy shrouds  
 Die on *our* lips: *His* drifting spar,  
 By raging billows borne afar,  
 Perchance may safely reach the shore;  
 But *mine* — is tossed forevermore!

## III.

My hopes are songs a siren sung,  
 And flowers her fairy fingers flung  
 Upon a rock, to which they clung:  
 They bloomed awhile in beauty there,  
 Then perished in its Alpine air;  
 And *now* that rock is bare and bleak;  
*The lichen shuns its haggard peak;*  
 And he who haunts the lonely shore,  
 Will hear the siren sing no more!

ANGELA.

AS pearls from wave-worn caverns  
brought

Retain the rainbow-hues they caught,

When, riven from the envious shell,

They into sudden sunlight fell,

Receive right royally a sheen

Their dark abodes had never seen,

And wear it as a diadem

Long wrongfully withheld from them ;

So she — unconscious of the grace

That more than beautifies her face —

Reflects the glory looked upon,

Till light, from introspection won,

Irradiates — refines the sphere

Of tender ties that keep her here !

Not of this world, though in it, she  
Seems but a visitor to be ;  
A messenger from realms above,  
Sent on an embassy of love,  
Whose sympathies, entwined with ours,  
Would draw us to her native bowers !

Waiting her mission to fulfill,  
Submissive to THE MASTER'S will,  
She walks the earth a type of good  
Self-abnegating womanhood,  
And tells a rosary, whose beads  
Are loving thoughts and kindly deeds !

Esteeming other gain but loss  
Beside the crown beyond THE CROSS,  
Each day in blessing others spent  
Finds her, at eve, a penitent ;  
Yet priest hath shrived nor saint, nor  
sinner,  
With less of worldliness within her,

And all who know her fain would guess  
What one so sinless could confess :  
It may be, that by being lowly  
Her soul, in self-abstraction, wholly  
Forgives, forgets, until the morrow,  
All neighborhood of sin and sorrow ;  
Evokes from purer contemplations  
Sublimer faith, serener patience,  
To tread the thorny path of trial, —  
    To lose *itself*, in alien losses,  
And stoop, nor deem it self-denial,  
    To lift and bear another's crosses !

Her prayers to every living thing  
Celestial benison would bring ;  
The gentle glances of her eyes  
Tell of communion with the skies ;  
And all along the narrow way,  
That broadens into perfect day,  
Her lips are almoners, whose smile  
Wins through its innocence of wile ;

For in her soul, benignly blent,  
Above the shrine of pure intent,  
The oriental beams of truth  
Illumine still the dew of youth,  
Divinely sent at dawn to dower  
With priceless pearls so sweet a flower!

O! were there many such as she,  
Elate, aglow with love divine,  
On our benighted ways to shine,  
How beautiful *this* life would be!  
Faith, Hope, and Charity like hers  
Should fill the world with worshippers!  
With faces where all graces blend,  
With spirits luminous to lend  
The glory of supernal spheres  
To gladden this sad "vale of tears,"  
And make the sin-accurséd clod  
A glorious footstool for its God!  
*Then*, were the fields bereft of flowers,  
Through dearth of sunshine or of showers,

The winter-blight, the summer-scath,  
Alike would vanish from their path ;  
Birds, songless erst, again would sing  
Wherever *they* were wandering,  
    And, bourgeoning to burst its gloom,  
    The arid waste would soon resume,  
As in the genial warmth of Spring,  
The blushes of its vernal bloom :  
*Their* smiles, *their* tears might well  
    suffice  
To make the wild — a Paradise !

HOPE.

I.

**B**RIGHT hopes blossom day by day—  
    Blossom but to leave us ;  
Those that linger longest stay  
    That they may  
Still more heartlessly deceive us :  
Yet in sorrow's darkest hour  
    They have power  
Light and rapture to impart ;  
As the sunbeam to the shower,  
    HOPE ! thou art !  
When thou shinest, rainbows start  
From the gloomy clouds which lower  
    Over my desponding heart !

## II.

HOPE! those ruby lips of thine

(So beguiling!)

Mingle April shade and shine

In their smiling:

Why relievest thou my pain,

But to fly away again, —

Leaving me alone to mope,

A repining misanthrope?

Teasing — tantalizing Fay!

Stay — stay!

Hasten not so soon away!

## III.

Thou art here anon, and then

Pipest in some lonely glen;

*Now* thou hauntest dark morasses,

Swathed in dank and dewy grasses,

Far from the abodes of men:

*There* thy fairy lamp is lighted —

Thither its illusive ray

Leads the credulous, benighted,  
 Way-worn wanderer astray;  
 And when he has lost his way  
 (Sink or swim)  
 In the dark, thou leavest him!

## IV.

Incarnation of the Graces!  
 Let me hear once more the sweet  
 Falling of thy faëry feet!  
 Come and scatter bright oases  
 In this gloomiest of places!  
 Hither, from thy far retreat,  
 Haste to cheat me! *Thy deceit*  
 I have never chidden yet;  
 'Tis the cruel *undeceiving*  
*I* regret!  
 There can never — never be  
 In my heart a shade of grieving,  
 Save when thou  
 Art, as now,  
 On the eve of leaving me!

v.

Witching Fairy! Airy Sprite!  
*Must* I bid thee, now, "Good night?"  
And shall my sad heart in vain  
Pine for thee to call again?  
Promise, that at dawn of day  
I shall see thy plumage gay!  
*Then* sweet "Phantom of Delight,"  
Thou mayst wing thy wanton flight,  
Bidding me "Good Night! Good  
Night!"  
*If that night* — Good night can be  
When I bid adieu to thee!

DESPAIR.

I HAVE naught to hope or dread ;  
All save sentience is dead ;  
Peace, with Innocence, has fled.

To the gloom in which I dwell,  
This world's darkest dungeon-cell  
Were as heaven unto hell.

Ye, who yet may hope or fear,  
Shun this sad sepulchral sphere !  
Rather die than enter here !

Each unto himself is fate, —  
Carver of his own estate, —  
Be it blest or desolate ;

*Hence*, how soothing is the thought —  
With what sweet nepenthe fraught —  
I have all this ruin wrought ;

*I* with Sorrow chose to sup, —  
Madly drained her bitter cup, —  
*Having had — the filling up !*

Fairest flowers soonest die ;  
Summer-friends are first to fly ;  
Memory alone is nigh !

Of the many, only she  
Yet remaineth true to me :  
Like the echo of the sea,

In the shell upon the shore,  
She abideth, evermore  
*Murmuring of heretofore,*

In my heart — a stranded shell,  
Dashed, by passion's stormy swell,  
On the burning beach of hell!

I have naught to hope or dread;  
All save sentience is dead;  
Peace, with Innocence, has fled!

TO L. F. P.

O WHEN the dark, tumultuous tide  
Of life is ebbing fast, —  
When every earthly hope has died,  
Thy memory shall still abide,  
An Eden in the waste —  
“A diamond in the desert,” where  
A silver fountain sings,  
And birds of summer fill the air  
With merry carolings;  
A land of beauty and of bloom  
Whence zephyrs, freighted with perfume,  
On wings of woven light, convey  
Somewhat of Paradise away!

When all is drear and desolate, —  
When o'er the waters dark

(Like thistle-down before the blast,  
Or dead leaves on a torrent cast),  
My soul — a helmless ark —  
Is wildly, madly driven on  
Before the dread Euroclydon  
Of unrelenting fate, —  
*Then* brighter than the sparkling bow, —  
Whose sky-born splendors sat,  
Like gems, upon the regal brow  
Of rugged Ararat, —  
Over the dusky waves afar,  
Love's scintillant unchanging star,  
From the fair portals of the past  
A flood of golden light shall cast,  
To gild the gloomy twilight air,  
And show engraven everywhere  
THY NAME — *the first — the last!*

PLEA OF THE PRODIGAL.

“I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.” ST. LUKE xv. 21.

FATHER! from a far-off region,  
Famished I come home to die;  
Devils—and “their name was Legion”—  
Failed to put *this* purpose by!

I, on husks, no more could hunger,  
Yet I had not left the swine,  
And had died a houseless alien  
But for love of thee and thine;

Love that smouldered while I squandered  
All my substance in excess;  
Love that stung me while I wandered,  
With unlanguage'd bitterness;

Love that lived, suppressed and hidden,  
Through the frenzy of despair ;  
Love that burst forth all unbidden,  
Voicing bitter midnight prayer ;

That once more I might behold thee :  
Father! — if thou yet be mine —  
Let thine arms again enfold me —  
Call once more the wanderer “ *Thine!* ”

BANISHED ROME.

“Tell him you saw Caius Marius sitting, an exile, amidst the  
ruins of Carthage.”

HISTORY OF ROME.

WHEN earthly hopes have flown  
away ;

When skies are dark and drear,  
Why should the weary spirit stay  
Repining here ?

Why, like yon Roman, linger where  
The wreck of pomp and power, —  
The crumbling column, reared in air,  
The fallen fane, the time-worn  
tower, —

Tell of a brighter hour ?

The laurel from his haughty brow  
Has fallen long ago ;  
Why seeks the hapless exile now  
Memorials of woe ?

Is there a luxury in grief, —  
And *do* the wretched find relief,  
In feeling that their lost estate  
Is *shared*, however desolate ?

It must be so! A type thou art,  
O Carthage, in decay!  
Of many a noble ROMAN heart  
Whose hopes are swept away!  
Low in the dust of desolation laid,  
Well may *the fallen* seek thy friendly  
shade —  
The exile find a sister now in thee,  
Who art no longer *Empress of the Sea!*

## VIOLETS.

(FROM "VIOLA.")

"A violet by a mossy stone,  
Half-hidden from the eye."

WORDSWORTH.

I N unfrequented places,  
Where sunbeams cannot peep, —  
Where Echo's faintest echo  
Is lying fast asleep, —  
These timid woodland graces  
From dewy leaves arise,  
Unveil their modest faces,  
Uplift their beaming eyes,  
Less fearful in seclusion,  
Of impudent intrusion,  
Or surprise :  
Yet each of these recluses,  
While budding into bloom,

Unconsciously diffuses  
Sweet perfume ;  
For ere they seem aware,  
The censers which they bear  
Reveal unto the air  
Where they dwell ;  
And the breezes, as they blow  
To and fro,  
In sweetest odor tell  
Of dingle and of dell,  
As yet unshone upon  
By the sun :  
They guide, on eager feet,  
To the shadowy retreat  
*Of the Nun,*  
All who love to stand  
Awhile on holy land ;  
Who feel assured again —  
So long as *these* remain —  
That Innocence, on earth,  
Yet lingers, loth to fly ;

Vaunts not her heavenly birth  
    To heedless passers by,  
Nor wholly hides her worth  
    From Love's observant eye ;  
But waits to drop in death,  
    Terrestrial disguise,  
When, with the parting breath,  
    A radiant seraph flies !

•       •       •       •       •

Alas ! too often we  
Externals only see ;  
Look with disdainful eyes  
On those in lowly guise ;  
Nor know until they disappear  
That guardian angels hovered near !

FIRESIDE FANCIES.

RING-WORMS of fire in chimney-  
soot

From single scintillations shoot ;  
Each separate sparkle ere it dwindles  
A wider conflagration kindles, —  
Ignites incendiary tinder,  
Then dies into a sable cinder :  
Afloat, in fiery revolution,  
The riddle still defies solution ;  
For all are always changing places,  
And one, it seems, another chases,  
Itself pursued — until pursuing  
Ends in reciprocal undoing.  
A wingéd, wanton, wizard rout,  
On glowing feet they glide about,  
Again, and yet again renewing  
Their mazy waltzes in and out,

Reluming now their earlier ashes  
With fitful, evanescent flashes ;  
Until, though wintry is the night,  
My Fancy takes a summer flight,  
And sees from out the dusk arise  
A twinkling swarm of fire-flies !

Ah! fleeting, fluctuating fires !  
He who your brilliancy admires  
Is saddened by the thought that springs  
From tracing your meanderings !  
As embers ye have left resume  
The mantle of primeval gloom !  
Ye type the visionary beams  
That tinted youth's elysian dreams,  
Or, blent in grand auroras, lent  
Rose-color to its firmament ;  
For all unconscious that I dreamed,  
And realizing all that seemed,  
I wandered *then* through realms of flowers,  
Or gazed in mute delight for hours,

While life (a new kaleidoscope  
Revolving in the hands of Hope)  
Entranced me — at each turn unfolding  
New beauties to a new beholding!

ANTIPODES.

ON those dismal Polar plains,  
Where relentless Winter reigns, —  
Where, amid eternal snow,  
Dwell the squalid Esquimaux, —  
When morning awakes  
And laughingly shakes  
The light from her luminous hair,  
How bright are the beams  
Which scatter the dreams  
Of the shivering slumberers there!

When the sleepers arise,  
How sweet the surprise  
Of radiant skies,  
Whence Aurora exiles  
With her scintillant smiles,

The gloom of an Arctic night!  
Yet O! there are times,  
In sunnier climes,  
When shadow is sweeter than light, —  
When weary of day,  
And sick of its shine,  
We languish and pine  
For its passing away!

## PROEMIAL STANZAS

TO A POEM RECITED BEFORE THE "LADIES' MEMORIAL  
ASSOCIATION" OF RALEIGH, N. C., AUGUST, 1867.

I F aught that I have ever said or sung  
May cause one more memorial flower to  
bloom

Where plaintive harps, on Southern willows  
hung,

Wail, Memnon-like, amid perpetual  
gloom ;

Where, bowed with bleeding heart and eye  
of stone,

The South, a nobler Niobe, appears,  
Murmurs, with quivering lips, "*Thy will be  
done !*"

And seeks relief from agony, in tears ;

If when her trembling hands, unclasped  
from prayer,

Begin the light of votive flowers to shed,  
Exhaling sweets — illumining the air

Above the graves of *her* CONFEDERATE  
DEAD,

She chance to touch and haply intertwine,  
Mid flowers of balmier breath and happier  
hue,

A daisy or forget-me-not of mine,  
That erst, unnoticed, by the wayside grew;

This — *this* would be far dearer than the  
meed

Of praise awarded to the festive strain,  
Blown from a pipe of Carolina reed,  
Which, at your bidding, I awake again!

HUMOROUS.



A SERIO-COMIC POEM.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE PITTSBORO SCIENTIFIC ACADEMY, 1867.

I N the moonshiny matter of “wooing the Muses,”

A poet may do pretty much as he chooses ;  
He may woo one or two, or, if he design  
To make ‘a ten-strike,’ in the rhythmical  
line,

He may ogle and flatter the whole of “the  
Nine!”

Still, I must confess I have never had any  
Reason to think *I* could manage *that* many ;  
For, though I have often addressed them in  
rhyme,

They always have jilted me, one at a time !

A short time ago, when I undertook  
To give to my Muse a serious look, —  
Besought her, with all that I knew of per-  
suasion,  
To behave herself well on the present occa-  
sion,  
And bade her assume the sober demeanor,  
Befitting this presence, — I wish you had  
seen her!  
In the mouse-colored robe of a feminine  
Quaker,  
And wearing the bonnet best known as “a  
*Shaker*” —  
With a pout on her lip, an arch gleam in  
her eye,  
As irresolute whether to laugh or to cry,  
She endeavored to mimic the drawl of her  
teacher,  
To talk like a book, and to prose like — a  
preacher!  
I tell you 'twas no easy task to persuade her

To wear, at rehearsal, the dress I had made  
her,

And it soon became very apparent to me,  
Euterpe and I would never agree.

She pertly suggested that best-behaved folks  
Paid smallest regard to conventional yokes ;  
That a girl might be playful, without being  
rude ;

“I am weary,” she added, “of playing the  
prude :

A Muse should amuse ; will I be amusing,  
If I take the monotonous tone you’re choos-  
ing,

And twist into rhyme a prosaic oration ? —  
Is *this* your idea of Euterpe’s vocation ?

Well, sir ! cuddle your whim and cudgel  
your brains,

While a glimmer of sense in your noddle  
remains ;

Sit up late every night, and be stirring be-  
times, —

Have 'Walker' at hand, for '*allowable  
rhymes*:'

May your ear be displeased with the count  
of your fingers,

While the ghost of a tune in your memory  
lingers;

May the best line you write find only a fellow  
Too seedy to purchase Pope's patent pru-  
nella;

May others accord with the general jingle,  
Like water with oil, — refusing to mingle, —  
And, 'married, not mated,' despite all your  
trouble,

Deny they had ever intended to double!

I have told you before, and I tell you again,  
sir,

If *I* sing, it shall be in a different strain,  
sir:

I shall reel, if I choose, in the dizziest  
dances,

And give a loose rein to my frolicsome  
fancies;

*Then*, you, at the close,  
May whine through your nose,  
A few of your humdrum, heavy-weight  
stanzas,  
As foils for my exquisite extravaganzas!"

. . . . .  
"Why should I appear in this primitive  
dress,

Take my hair out of curl, and primly repress  
The humor within that impels me to sing —  
As a mocking-bird does — for the fun of the  
thing!

You know very well, that you never, sir,  
never!

Have written a line that was passably clever,  
When — deeming yourself another Apollo —  
You refused absolutely my bidding to  
follow!"

Matters grew worse and worse;  
*I* was firm — *She* perverse;

At length the young lady declined to re-  
hearse,

And crying aloud, as if fit to break her  
Heart, she declared the Furies might take  
her,

The Graces disown, and her sisters forsake  
her;

But *Jupiter Tonans*, himself, couldn't make  
her

Put on any more that horrible "Shaker!"

A day or two later, Euterpe repented, —  
At least, I may say that she half-way re-  
lented;

For when I had wasted much of my time  
In drearily scratching my head for a rhyme,  
That lady, impelled by remorse or com-  
passion,

Bounded in, all ablaze in the tip of the  
fashion!

I would not again awaken her ire

By describing minutely her brilliant at-  
tire,

Nor could, if I would, however expert ;

For the fan in the hand of the exquisite  
flirt, —

The pendulous swing of her balancing  
skirt, —

The grace of her walk,

And the way she *did* talk,

And her musical laugh, all taken together,

Bewildered me so, that I couldn't tell  
whether

Of sunshine or moonshine her raiment was  
made ;

Suffice it to say — though she dazzled my  
sight —

I am fully convinced the colors were right ;

For, whoever blended the light and the  
shade,

Euterpe's too *fast*, for them ever to fade !

If I rightly remember, her head had upon it  
That next thing to *no* thing — “a love of a  
bonnet.”

It was sent, she assured me, directly from  
Paris,

*Per* Cable Atlantic, by one Mrs. Harris,  
Who flirted and fluttered in Vanity Fair,  
Or flaunted her feathers in Madison Square,

A few years ago,

With a lady you know,

Who claimed all the pity the city could  
spare,

Because she (poor woman!) had “nothing  
to wear!”

But this, by the way: I was just on the eve  
Of grieving, as only a poet can grieve,

If the muse of his heart be taking her leave,  
When I suddenly spied what made the im-  
pression

That led me so far in the path of digression:

My verdancy may be refreshingly vernal;

But again I digress, to observe it resembled,  
'Mid the gauze and the gewgaws that over it  
trembled,

In shape and in size, an *outside* internal  
Revenue stamp, tied down to her head  
By the filmiest sort of a gossamer thread!

With dolorous sigh,  
Almost ready to cry  
At having to bid the dear creature good-  
by,

I was turning away to conceal my emotion,  
Lest *her* head should be *turned*,

And I should be spurned,  
For displaying an *extra* amount of devotion,  
When, delaying a moment her final de-  
parture,

With the accurate aim of a Parthian archer,  
She flung at my head the *original* verses,  
Which now at *her* bidding, *your* poet re-  
hearses!

“Look at me, my friend, and directly declare

The manifold charms of the toilet I wear:  
Retract your assertions, your errors confess,  
And own that Euterpe, in matters of dress,  
Displays a degree of decided good taste,  
As superior to yours as a diamond to paste!  
Learn, sir, that this mass of illusion and  
roses, —

My bonnet, — this truth, if no other, discloses:

That only a woman may fitly combine  
Intellectual endowments exalted as mine  
With matters domestic and every-day duties,  
Extracting from each its appropriate beauties;

Can fashion, with consummate talent and tact,

An exquisite union of fancy and fact,  
Contriving with womanly wisdom to find  
The perfect proportion of matter and mind!

“ *Imprimis*, this evident moral I draw  
From my ‘love of a bonnet’ — your  
‘Shaker’ of straw :

Though lord of the law, and king of creation,  
Man’s mind is a bedlam of hallucination  
Where woman’s concerned; so that sensi-  
tive creature,

Endowed with a learning no logic can teach  
her,

Strikes straight to the root of a subject, and  
finding

The knot, which her freedom of action is  
binding,

Too tough for her delicate hands to undo it,  
With the blade of her wit cuts a passage  
clear through it.

Her lord — he may swell,

And attempt to dispel

The feminine fancies no reason may quell,  
But never can he, with his uttermost skill,  
Stop woman from following the way of her  
will!

Philosophy, then, and self-interest teach,  
Attempt not to gain what is out of your  
reach :

Tell your Pittsboro' friends, as they value  
their ease,

To be dainty in dealing with delicate *Shes* —  
And remember to let them *do just as they*  
*please!*

Never argue with woman, — wife, sweet-  
heart, or sister, —

But humor her fancies, and gently enlist her  
Sympathies first; for the sensible part  
Of a man is his head; of a woman — her  
heart!

Boast then of the victories won from your-  
selves ;

Be only too glad when the obstinate elves  
Their wills to your wishes can quietly yield ;  
And remember that they, like the beasts of  
the field,

Know not their own strength ; for were they  
to dream

What power they possess — they would soon  
be supreme ;  
Men — monarchs, at once, from their thrones  
would be hurled,  
And the bandbox — the bandbox would gov-  
ern the world !

“ Would you learn by what magic my sex is  
controlled ?

Bend your ear, my dear Poet, and let me  
unfold

The wonderful secret ; but lest you abuse it,  
First solemnly promise me never to use it,  
Unless it be needed for self-preservation  
Or to save from a shrew some worthy re-  
lation :

Hold your breath, while the mystical words  
I impart, —

‘ To conquer a woman, *creep into her heart !*’  
Once snugly ensconced in that delicate thing,  
She will hail you triumphant, an absolute  
king,

And deem life itself an oblation scarce meet  
To be laid by her love at your idolized feet!

“ Yet do not suppose it in every man’s power  
To gain for himself so peerless a dower  
Of perfect devotion: there may be a few  
Of the sex, who, as blind as Titania, do  
As ridiculous things — love a snob, or a  
fool —

And fill with musk-roses the ears of — a  
mule!

Yet trust me, that he, who a hero would  
stand

In the heart of a woman, must wholly com-  
mand

Her reverence *due* — not won by deceit:  
All other foundation is treacherous sand;  
But tempests may blow and billows may  
beat

On immutable honor’s immovable rock,  
And the nests of true lovers feel never a  
shock!

“ What grandeur — what glory we women-  
folk scan

In our ideal Beau — beau-ideal of MAN !

*Not* the hybrid that fashion and folly have  
made,

Compounded of idleness, ignorance, pride,  
In the strength of a pitiful weakness arrayed,  
And to falsehood and cowardice fitly al-  
lied ;

*Not* the creature of essences, ogles, and airs,  
All eye-glass and impudence, simpers and  
stares,

That minces along with the stealth of a cat,  
Its whole soul absorbed in its flashy cravat,  
Preferring creation in chaos should crash  
To losing one sprout from its scanty mous-  
tache ;

Viewing woman, ‘ as *wathaw* a noice little  
thing —

But *weally* ‘pon honor the bother they  
bwing ;

When a *fellah* gets tired, as a *fellah* must do,

She 's a *wegular* bore, and a hor-*wible*  
sh*wew!*'

*Not* the tyrant, who tramples the modest and  
lowly,

Nor the skeptic, who sneers at whatever is  
holy;

*Not* the drunkard, who drowns in the poison-  
ous bowl

The spark of divinity lighting his soul;

*Not* the coward, who shirks either danger or  
duty,

Nor the gambler, who sees in all nature no  
beauty

Compared with the charms, which enrap-  
tured he traces

In a winning arrangement of bowers and  
aces;

But MAN, as he came from the fingers of  
God,

When creation crouched calm at his con-  
quering nod;

With a soul, like a star, that triumphantly  
towers,

And a mind that so uses its talents and  
powers

That the world is made brighter, and purer,  
and led

Ever onward and upward life's pathway to  
tread!—

MAN— with heart as unsullied in age as in  
youth,

And a brow that is stamped with the signet  
of truth;

With a name like a sword without tarnish  
or rust,

And a faith that inspires such absolute trust

That woman— true woman— surrenders  
her soul,

And resigning her will to his kingly control,

Exults in his tenderly bountiful sway,

And deems it both duty and bliss to obey!

“ I have proved my position : my verses are  
ended,

Should your friends by my plainness of  
speech be offended,

Just tell them for me, that you only quote it,  
And refer them forthwith to the woman who  
wrote it!

To *you*, sir, I've tendered the amplest  
amends ;

And I trust *we* shall always be excellent  
friends.

Take my lute in your fingers ; touch boldly  
each string,

And then, in your own graver melody, sing  
The charms intellectual, celestial, and human  
That make up the meed of perfection in  
woman ;

I can't give my hat in exchange for your  
sonnet,

But do my sex justice, and here is my  
bonnet!”

Young Ladies: as worthy of all imitation,  
To *you* I present an ideal creation;  
A woman I dreamed of, and found it would  
take

One Poet, three Graces, nine Muses to  
make!

I have blended each charm that I fancied  
peculiar,

In my bachelor-days, to Fanny and Julia;  
I stole, in my vision, from Sally and Kate  
Every tenderly beautiful feminine trait,  
And, "taking a smile," and a blush that were  
pretty,

Made plainer the faces of Rose and of  
Betty:

Combining all these, at length I have made a  
Dear little woman! — a model young lady  
Take her home to your hearts, — then  
charmingly real,

She will live in your lives, no longer ideal!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The rest of this poem appears on page 91, under another title.

LUCILE.

A PARODY.

DEAR Edwards: If parts of this letter  
appear  
Rough of style, and uncouth to your critical  
ear,  
I guilty must plead, and can only appeal  
To the fact, in excuse, that I'm reading  
"Lucile," —  
Young Bulwer's fine poem, — and lo! there  
are traces  
Of most of its faults and none of its graces;  
To-day, in whatever my muse is inditing, —  
In the letter of love I may hap to be writing  
To Chloe or Chloris, to Phœbe or Phillis —  
Undreamed of, of course, by my fair  
Amaryllis;

In the glee or the dirge ; in the ode or the  
sonnet,  
As becoming to each as an old-fashioned  
bonnet  
To Eve would have been on the eve of " the  
Fall," —  
" The trail of the serpent is over them all ! "

The *style* of " Lucile " is a whimsical style ;  
But its oddness soon ceases to summon a  
smile,  
And often provokes impatient perusers  
To throw it aside, and thus become losers  
Of beautiful thoughts almost lost in express-  
ing,  
Like—canvas-back ducks overdone in the  
dressing ;  
Or, like radiant flowers that shrink in the  
shade  
Their luxuriant leaves around them have  
made,

The light of whose beauty *he* never perceives

Who's too laggard or listless to turn over the leaves :

Words often, like leaves, either dwarf or conceal

The blossoms of thought they were meant to reveal.

If you never have read this poem, I'm sure  
A copy, at once, you will seek to procure ;  
And I'm equally confident, ere you are done,  
You will think there is something "new  
under the sun ;"

You will praise the new thoughts, confounding  
the verse,

Which, in parody now, I'm afraid to rehearse,  
Lest a Babel of tongues break forth into  
curses,

Confounding my thought, as well as my  
verses !

. . . . .

In the midst of a line, "Owen Meredith"  
stops his  
Pegàsus,<sup>1</sup> as though he beheld Thanatopsis;<sup>2</sup>  
Anon, he goes on with the rush of a river,  
In a hurry its tribute of waves to deliver  
To the ocean that fumes, and chides its  
delay,  
As a creditor frets at mere promise to pay;  
Ere you read half a page, you pause, half in  
doubt  
As to whether you know what you're read-  
ing about;  
You ponder perplexed — go again and again  
O'er the "*Pons Asinorum*" that bothers  
your brain,  
And, the riddle resolved, don't always find  
lurking

<sup>1</sup> Pegàsus : The false quantity here *mars* the verse, but *makes* the parody.

<sup>2</sup> Thanatopsis : Not Bryant's, but a vision in which Death appears as "King of Terrors."

Ideas *perdu*, that repay you for working  
So hard to get at them: "Then fling it  
aside,"

I fancy you say. Can't do it: I've tried;  
And, however vexatious the vexation I feel,  
Must read on and learn more of the peerless  
"Lucile!"

TO A LADY,

ON RECEIVING FLOWERS.

In a Match game between "The Crescent Base Ball Club" (Seniors), and "The Star Club" (Juveniles), the latter were victorious. Next morning, one of the *waning* "Crescents" received a beautiful bouquet, with the motto :—

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,  
But we'll do more, Sempronius : we'll deserve it."

"Sempronius," acknowledging this floral compliment, says to the fair donor :—

THE buds and blossoms thou hast blent  
To form this beautiful bouquet,  
Another hand than thine had sent  
To grace a victor's gala day,  
And die on his triumphal way :

But thou, amid the wild huzzas  
That mock our "Crescent," on the wane,  
*Alone* descendest from "the Stars,"  
To soothe *the vanquished* in their pain,  
And bid *the fallen* rise again !

Where, save in odor and in bloom,  
    Could sympathy *so pure* — *so sweet* —  
Could half thy wish to banish gloom  
    From hearts disheartened by defeat,  
    *Such* eloquent expression meet?

Above all "Stars" that gem the skies,  
    In these sad interlunar hours —  
Beyond all else thy gift we prize —  
    Dreaming of Eden's blushing bowers,  
    And "LOVE" — half-hidden in the  
    flowers!

CLOUDS WITH SILVER LININGS.

“ I did not err : there does a sable cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the Night.”

COMUS.

CLOUDS have silver linings :”

Thus the poet sings  
To stifle vain repinings  
And silence murmurings ;  
But in the cloud above me  
No “ *silver* ” do I see ;  
Now Poet, “ an’ you love me,”  
Prithee ! show it unto me !

The words that you have spoken  
Perchance are very true,  
Yet, until the cloud be broken  
And the sunlight peepeth through,  
This thought of “ silver linings,”  
But awakens fresh repinings ;

For you must surely see, sir,  
Though truthful you may be, sir,  
That the dark side is for me, sir,  
    While the bright side is for you!

Even were the lining golden, —  
If it may not be beholden, —  
Pray tell me, Mr. Poet,  
Is it comforting to know it,  
Unless you mean to show it?  
Your well-meant information  
Gives me no consolation ;  
For the sky is none the brighter  
Nor the cloud a shade the lighter  
    Unto me,  
From knowing that behind it —  
If I can ever find it —  
    There may be  
A sun that shines forever,  
But which I, alas! may never  
    Chance to see!

So dark the cloud that hovers  
    In my sky to night,  
I cannot think it covers  
    A single gleam of light:  
Now, prove your aphorism, —  
    If such, indeed, it be, —  
Dispel my skepticism,  
    Or prate no more to me!  
To drive away each shade of doubt,  
*Pray, turn the dark cloud inside out!*

QUI CAPIT, FACIT.

FAR back, in grand old mediæval times,—  
Reverted to in these *heroic* rhymes, —  
King, knight, esquire, or page of low  
degree,

Imbued from youth with kindest courtesy,  
Paid WOMAN homage, — sped to her defense  
From real wrong, or fancied insolence :

And not alone to succor in distress

Some titled heiress were they swift to press :

The high-born matron, or the village-girl —

Dame of a lord, or daughter of a churl,

Alike secured protection or redress ;

In troublous times, found trusty champions  
near,

Nor called in vain for the avenging spear

Of Knightly Paladin, or courtly Cavalier !

It was the bounden duty of all PAGES,  
Who lived in those benighted Middle Ages  
(Duty, in which some doubtless so delighted  
They felt no Hotspur hurry to be knighted),  
To wait on ladies — showing such attention,  
'Twere tedious in minute detail to mention :  
To find the gloves or kerchiefs they might  
    lose ;  
To hold their fans ; remove their rubber-  
    shoes ;  
To play the lute ; to fetch the smelling  
    salts  
Whene'er " My Lady," fainted in the waltz ;  
To carry missal§ for the saintly fair,  
As nowadays young gentlemen would bear  
To church and back, a tome of Common  
    Prayer,  
Psalter, or Hymn-Book, grateful for the  
    smile  
That makes the trouble fully worth the  
    while,  
To such as fancy they are "*striking ile !*"

A critic snarls, "There was no *waltzing*  
then:

You write with an anachronistic pen;  
Those ladies too, were never known to  
faint—

Wore no false hair—were innocent of  
paint!"

Hold! Not so fast! I merely said they  
fainted:

Where have I ever hinted that they painted?  
Into the *boudoir* I have not intruded,  
Nor once to *rouge* or water-fall alluded:  
As to the *waltz*,—the license of Romance  
May make a *Schottische* of a country-dance!

. . . . .

Alas! "the days of chivalry are o'er!"  
Like "Good old Grimes," we ne'er shall see  
them more!  
Our Parlor Knights, our modern Squires  
and Pages,  
Are not like those of Froissart's Middle  
Ages!

Obsequious toadies! how they fawn upon  
All who in Fashion's gilded circles run,  
Or bask in beams of Fortune's fickle sun:  
Regarding home and home-folk with disgust,  
As links that bind them to plebeian dust,—  
While they would fain be deemed "*the*  
*Upper Crust!*"

Abroad, in daintiest foppery of dress,  
They out-French Frenchmen, in their *poli-*  
*tesse,*

But deem it courteous to be very curt, —  
Or rather pusillanimously pert,  
*Where there's no danger of their getting*  
*hurt;*

And when the *rôle* of Chesterfield don't pay,  
Ceasing *the part* of "Gentleman" to play,  
They cast its tiresome toggery away!

TAKING A SNOOZE.

“While I nodded, nearly napping.”

THE RAVEN.

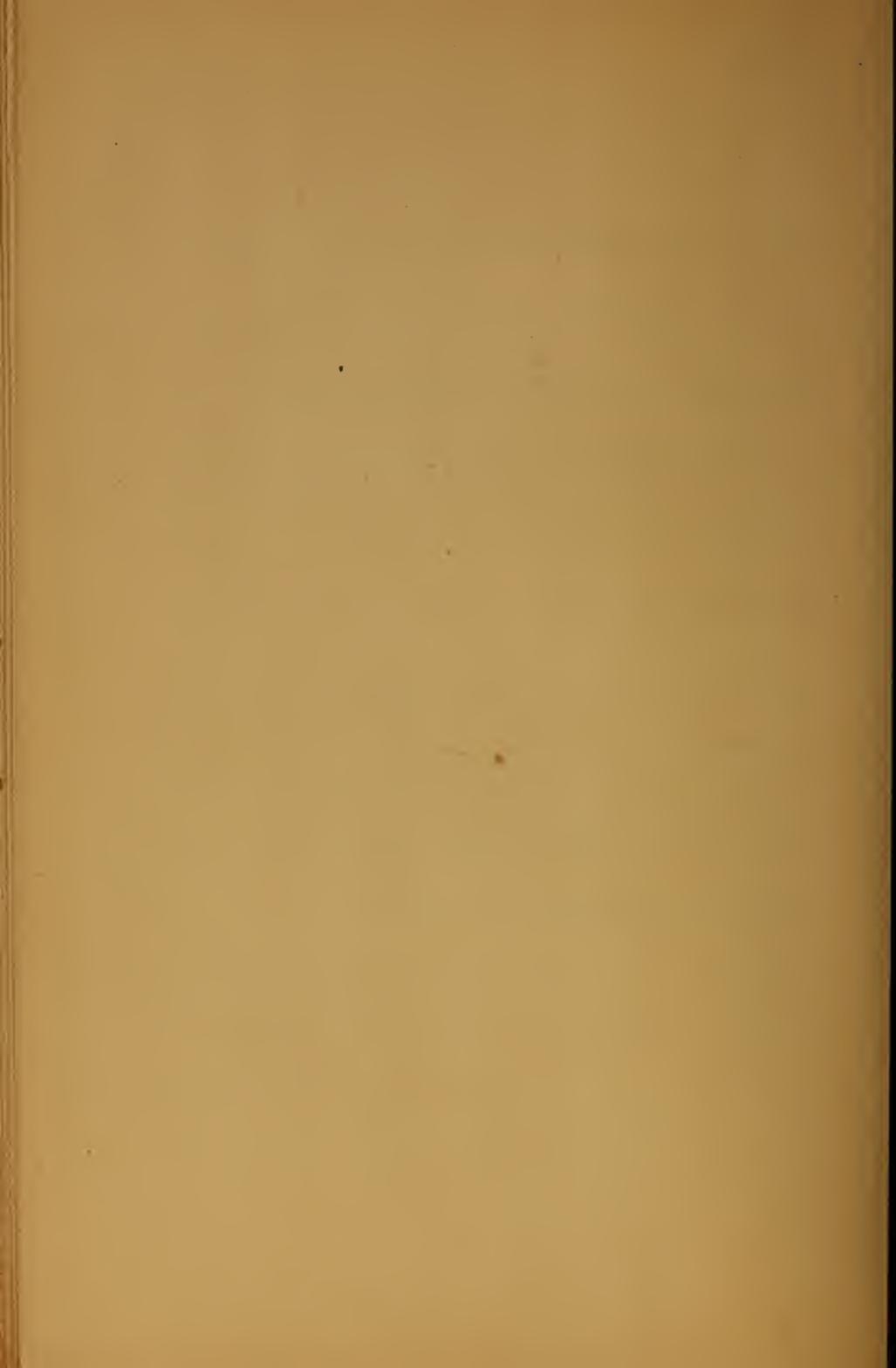
THE drowsy hum of the murmuring bees,  
Hovering over the lavender trees,  
Steals through half-shut lattices, —  
As awake or asleep, I scarce know which,  
I lazily loll near a window-niche,  
Whose gossamer curtains are softly stirred  
By the gauzy wings of a humming-bird.

From airy heights, the feathery down,  
Blown from the nettle's nodding crown,  
Weary with wandering everywhere,  
Sails slowly to earth through the sultry air ;  
While indolent zephyrs, “oppressed with  
perfume,”  
Stolen from many a balmy bloom,  
Are falling asleep within the room.

Now floating afar, now hovering near,  
Dull to the eye and dumb to the ear,  
Grow the shapes that I see, the sounds  
that I hear;

Every murmur around dies into my dream,  
Save only the song of a sylvan stream,  
Whose burden, set to a somnolent tune,  
Has lulled the whispering leaves of June.

All things are hazy, and dreamy, and dim;  
The flies in lazier circles swim;  
On slumberous wings, on muffled feet,  
Imaginary sounds retreat;  
And the clouds — Elysian isles that lie  
In the bright blue sea of summer sky —  
Fade out, before my closing eye.









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